

CLAUDE DUVAL will try to work his way into congress. He is a man without a fortune to back him; a man who works as a traveling salesman to earn his daily bread, and who earnestly appreciates the needs of the producers, the small merchants and laboring classes. He will travel to every town and hamlet in the district, putting in his days selling goods and his evenings talking to and getting acquainted with the people whose cause he espouses. His republican opponent, Mr. Long has grown wealthy through his party efforts, has plenty of money of his own to use in the campaign, and is also backed by all the wealthy corporations of the land whose interests he has so faithfully looked after. He also will doubtless make a thorough canvass of the district, will travel on railroad passes, and will throw money right and left in order to, if possible, be returned to congress where he can look after the interests of his backers. There is no reason why any farmer, laborer, clerk, merchant or professional man in the 7th district should vote for Long. He has no interests in common with theirs. On the other hand, Mr. Duval is "one of us;" he is "a man of the people," and, while possessing ability superior to his opponent, is also a man who will never go back on a friend, nor grow above the most humble voter. Success will only make him more earnest in the people's cause.

A Kansas Fish Story.

Nick Nichols, who lives on the river above the mill came to town the other day with a brand new fish story which will bear repeating. He says: "Since the water has begun to go down in the river the fish bother me a good deal. They have been catching my chickens whenever they went near the bank for some time but during the last few days they have become more bold, even sneaking out at night and rooting up my potatoes. I didn't mind this so much but when the suckers let down the bars to get in and suck my cows I objected and set my dog on them. One old buffalo fish that was along jumped the fence and tramped down an acre of wheat and a catfish climbed a tree but I knocked him out with a rock. A gar that I caught poking around in the stable put up the plea that he was an old soldier and a member of the G. A. G., so I let him go. One old fat pickerel got out on the bank and began to sing a bass solo but the trout began to carp about it threatening to perch upon him with their solo so I grabbed a pike and mashed him out as flat as a salamander, but he floundered back in the river upon a dead red horse trying to sun himself and picking his teeth with a shad bone." Next!—Oxford Bee.

THE DEMOCRAT, one dollar.

IS IT NOT TRUE?

The crops this year on plowed ground

Will give the best results. Don't you think so? It will pay you to get a Gang or Sulky plow this year and plow your ground.

We are prepared for you.

Having just gotten in two car loads of Hummer Gang and Sulky plows for our different houses, also disc drills and hoe drills.

If you want a cheap drill

And a good one, we have several of the Indiana Clipper and Judge Hoe drills we can sell you at a very low price, are just the thing for plowed ground.

For your use

Just received four car loads of buggies, two car loads of wagons, and one car load of tanks, all of which we can sell at Bed Rock prices.

It will pay you

To see us when you want farm implements or machinery of any kind, or anything. We are ordering in car lots. We can save you money, please come in and see us.

E. R. Moses Mercantile Co.

Jake Gustin was down from Galatia, Monday.

Henry Schwier was a Great Bend visitor Monday.

Let us make our county fair a sort of a harvest home festival.

A large crowd from the Bend attended the celebration at Sterling the 4th.

E. F. Buess of this city won the second prize in the quarter mile bicycle race at Sterling.

Mrs. Grant Pile is visiting in Ellinwood this week with her sister Mrs. J. C. Hutchison.

Jos. X. Smith will this week take a position as clerk with the firm of Luse & Morrison, at Holington.

Mrs. L. C. Schnacke and son, Dean, left on Monday to visit Mrs. Schnacke's father, Hon. Davis, at Junction City.

John Helfrich, trustee of Logan township, was in town Monday to see the commissioners on bridge matters.

The hammock girl now swingeth into the heart of the unwary youth and causeth it to flutter like an aspen leaf in the wind.

Subject of the sermon at the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening will be, "The Cause of a Nations Prosperity."

Charley Markey, while working with some horses Sunday, received a kick in the region of the kidneys that will lay him out of the harvest for the rest of the season.

Services are held regularly every Friday evening in the Episcopal church by the Pastor, the Rev. M. Morony. An interesting address is given at each service.

STRAYED:—About June 22, a light bay mare with white face. A liberal reward will be paid for her return. L. H. Bristol, Great Bend Kan.

City Council Meeting.

Besides receiving reports of the various city officers, the city council at its meeting Monday night, allowed bills and authorized the issuance of scrip to the amount of \$2,852.25, the largest bill being the hydrant rental. City warrants No. 4961 to 5128 inclusive were checked off and destroyed. The treasurer's report shows a balance in the treasury, general fund, of \$996.67. This will be augmented upon the receipt of the July disbursement of taxes. The report of the recent test of the water works, submitted by City Surveyor Newcombe, was accepted and adopted. A committee of councilmen was appointed to investigate charges of neglect of duty against one of the police force.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

List of transfers of lands and town lots in Barton County Kansas, for the week ending July 5th 1907.
L G Brinkman to Elizabeth Fancher, lot 12 blk 13 Great Bend.....\$ 20 00
Sarah H Bullock to Beale Linder S W qr 30-17-12..... 1800 00
Donley & Brinkman to Wm Broad N W qr 31-13-14..... 2000 00
Donley & Brinkman to Joseph Schneider S E qr 30 and N E qr 31-13-14..... 5000 00
Diebold Furrer to Chas Radenberg S E qr 31-13-14..... 6000 00
Furness & Merchants Bank to Elizabeth Fancher lot 11 blk 42 Great Bend..... 20 00
J B Watkins to Watkins Land Co S E qr 14-17-13..... 10 00

Is Baby Thin

this summer? Then add a little

SCOTT'S EMULSION

to his milk three times a day.

It is astonishing how fast

he will improve. If he nurses,

let the mother take the

SCOTT'S EMULSION and feed all druggists.

A THANKSGIVING.

God, I thank Thee for the strength with which I make my fight;
I had been conquered, aye and crushed, but for Thy might.
I am not wholly overcome, I bow and bless Thy name;
I stood and waited for the strength, and lo! it came.

God, I thank Thee that while tests of truth found me untrue,
I have been faithful to my duty in a few,
That though my failures sicken me, I realize my blame
And have enough sincerity to suffer shame.

God, I thank Thee for my failures; terrible their truth;
But they taught me self-control, although they took my youth.
I thank Thee that I still can struggle, still believe and try,
And that my faith in human nature did not die.

God, I thank Thee that the conflict could not make me cold;
That my pulses quicken as quickly as of old,
That my sympathies still lead me, and though worldly wise,
That I still can look about me with kind eyes.

God, I thank Thee, through my tears I still can see the stars;
There is of music in my soul a few sweet bars;
With gratitude which has survived the sordid grind and strife.
Oh, God, I thank Thee for the love which glorifies my life!

—Minnie McArthur Laing, in N. Y. Tribune.

The Test of Love

OF ALL the noble rivers that go bounding to the sea, none is more splendid than the Columbia. Its pine-clad banks give a majestic setting for its silver stream. But why should it be called silver? At times it is the deepest green—deeper and more luminous than the heart of a jewel. There are hours when its cascades have a thousand colors, like mother-of-pearl. There are dawns, after the mist has lifted, when the broad surface of the river above the cascades is actually saffron or burnished gold.

Barbara Merriden knew it in every mood, and loved it whether it was somber with storm, or sullen in the harsh autumn days, or scintillating under the July sunshine. She was as much at home upon the river as on the land; and the firm earth, with all its comfort and beauty, could never give her the joy that she felt when the current took her boat in its strong embrace. She went to the river in her sorrowful moments as well as in her happy ones. She fled to it as a friend. When George Caxton told her that he loved her, she ran to the river to tell it of the blessing that had come into her life. But, some way, she did not feel the ecstasy that she had expected to. The pleasure in her heart did not rise to meet the splendor of water and sky and shore. She had often looked forward to this hour as the crowning joy



IN THE MYSTIC HOUR BY THE RIVER.

of her life. But with grief she discovered that the song of nature had a higher note than the love lyric of her heart.

Perhaps it was because the hour had been too long expected. George Caxton and Barbara Merriden had gone to school together. They knew every event of each other's lives. They had always been attached to each other. George had never thought of any other girl with emotion, and Barbara had long felt that she was destined to be his wife. She had said yes to his earnest question with gratitude and happiness, yet now, in the mystic hour by the river, with the sun shedding its last exquisite glow upon an unreal world, she felt a weariness of spirit at the moderation of her joy.

She was turning from the beautiful river, humiliated at the inadequacy of her own emotions, when she saw walking among the pines, with eyes fixed upon the distant glory of the sky, a young man whom she had never seen before. He did not see her till she was close by him, and then he looked with a start at the face of the girl, spiritual and exquisite with its deep emotional experience. He stopped and looked at her, rapt, as if she had been some recently embodied soul, created for this wondrous hour, and she stopped, too, enchanted by the eloquence of his face. When he spoke it was to say something remarkable:

"It is always mysterious and fearfully beautiful in these woods," he asked.

"It is always beautiful here," she said, speaking as if in a dream. "And sometimes it seems unreal, and like a phantom world—as it does to-night."

Never before in her life had she spoken in the way that she desired. It was her habit to frame her speech in commonplace words.

"I should like to walk out on that golden water," he went on. "It seems as if it might bear one up, does it not?" Barbara had a fancy, and indulged herself in it.

"It will bear up anyone whose heart is light," she smiled. "But, mind you, it must have no care at all. It must be as light as a feather."

"Would it bear you up?" he asked.

She shook her head mournfully, and he said in a voice that moved her: "And I should sink like a stone." It seemed impossible for them to part while that witch light gleamed upon their enchanted wood, and when the shadows grew gray they became a part of them—like shadows they faded from each other's sight.

That night when Barbara went about her duties and afterward when she lay in her bed she found herself happy with the elate and triumphant happiness of which she had dreamed. George Caxton, her promised lover, seemed a part of the work-a-day world. Her thought turned away from him in spite of her efforts to be loyal.

She felt sure she would meet the stranger again in the woods, and she did, many times. He was a writer by vocation. He even confessed to being a poet. He was not well, he said. The city had worn on him. So he came home for a long rest there among the pines. His name was Cecil Underwood.

Barbara found it impossible to resist the charm of his personality. He seemed to make the whole world over for her. In vain she struggled to remember the truth and patience and strength of her betrothed. He was too well known to her to be seen through a glamour. With austere serenity he insisted upon an early marriage day. He refused, apparently, to feel any jealousy at the constant companionship of his sweetheart and Cecil Underwood. And Barbara was angry at him for this, too.

"He has no sensibility," she said to herself.

One wild day when the wind cried through the tree tops and the waters lashed along as if in stress of pain, Cecil Underwood came to her in an imperative mood.

"You must come walking with me," he said. "The day expresses me. I have to speak of the torment of my heart and I will keep still no longer even at your bidding."

Barbara went out with him. They walked under the pines whose roar filled the world with their lamentings. They were silent, conscious of the storm within their souls, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Let us take a boat," said Barbara, when they reached the river.

"No, no," he protested, but she seemed not to hear him and untied her skiff and leaped into it.

"Come," she said. He hesitated, but followed. As the little boat felt the lift of the waves the pain in her heart seemed to lighten, and she let the current carry her along unconscious of the passage of time. Suddenly Cecil cried out:

"The rapids, Barbara! The rapids! See where you have taken us!" She glanced behind her. It was true that the tossing white mane of the water horses was not more than half a mile away and the boat was quivering in the pull of their great power. Barbara smiled a little—it would not matter to her so much, she reflected, if her great problem was to be solved that way. But still, it was cowardly to die. She set her fine young strength to a resistance, rowing up stream and inclining the boat toward the southern shore. So absorbed was she in the task that she did not notice the man with her until she heard him crying with wild importunities to his Maker:

"Row, Barbara, row! Row girl!" Then, looking at him, she saw his face was corpse-white and quivering with fear, and the next moment he sank, an inert heap, at the bottom of the boat.

"Get up," she commanded, "and take the tiller! Get up instantly!" He obeyed dimly, shaking and sick with terror.

Barbara bent to her heavy task and made, by means of brave efforts, a little headway. But the wild horses plunged on and dragged her at their heels. She was almost on the verge of yielding to their relentless strength when a boat shot out from the bank. It came toward the quaking skiff with magnificent momentum. Barbara recognized the occupant at once. It was George Caxton. A hideous humiliation filled her soul. She was almost tempted to yield to that tugging of the wild horses. She looked at the half-fainting, praying creature beside her and then at the approaching man. And a moment of Gethsemane came to her. Then, white and courageous, she renewed her efforts. A moment later a line was thrown to her. She made it secure. Then she in her boat and George Caxton in his began a struggle against the powers of the river, in which they soon conquered.

George helped the trembling Cecil to shore, but Barbara leaped lightly to land and stood there smiling strangely.

"I am thankful with a great thankfulness that I owe my life to you, George," she said. "It is a privilege."

She held out her hand to the other man.

"Good-by," she whispered.

"Pity me! Pity me!" he cried.

"I do," she responded. "Good-by."

He went slowly under the pines, walking feebly like a man who is old and ill. George looked after him with commiserating eyes, but Barbara was relentless.

"Give me your arm," she said, with tender graciousness, "we will walk home together, George."

Why Wasps Don't Sit.

"I know why wasps never sit down, mamma," said little George.

"Why is it, dear?" asked his mother.

"Because," was the reply, "they have pins in their coat tails and are afraid to."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Shabby.

He—Marry me, darling, and life will be one grand, sweet song.

She—I am not quite sure about the sweetness. On ten per week it could only be a ragtime song.—Chicago Evening News.

To Pull Down the Temple.

It is evident that Rathbone of Cuba has a metaphoric mind of rare quality. His reported threat to Heath has a scriptural and picturesque beauty.

"If," he wrote, "I am arrested, or if I am molested, I will pull down the columns of the temple, and although I perish in the ruins, there will be others who will go down with me."

This allusion to Samson's celebrated feat as a temple-wrecker may well have given Hanna a bad quarter of an hour. Hanna is among the "others" referred to.—New York Journal.

A young farmer boy was seen hanging around a shoe store for several hours, and watching everybody who went inside. When asked what he was watching for he pointed to a sign and said: "Want to see some feller have one." The sign read, "Any person can have a fit in this store."

Local news this week does not crowd our space to any great extent. The farmers all respond, when you ask them "what's new?" "Well, I've got about two or three more days of cutting yet. Say, wheat is going to yield way up yonder." When the same question is asked a business man he will say: "I don't know a thing! By cracker! But won't there be a pile of wheat rolling into market soon?"

Frank Wells and Miss Emma Lutschg were married, at 10: a. m. Sunday July 1st, at the home of the brides parents in Buffalo township, Rev. Bixler officiating. It was a quiet, home wedding, attended only by the relatives and a few close friends. The groom is an employee of the E. R. Moses Mercantile Co., and the bride youngest daughter of one of Barton's old-time settlers, Jacob Lutschg, and a sister of County Clerk Fred Lutschg.

Dr. Graham,

Over Cyclone.

Specialties: Great Bend, Kansas.
Surgery and Chronic Diseases.

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Hard, Soft, Eastern, Western.

I handle all grades, and can sure

Please You.

Give me your order,

One block west of P. O.

A. H. SCHAEFFER,

TELEPHONE No. 18.

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Santa Fe Route, by its San Joaquin Valley Extension.

The only line with track and trains one management all the way from Chicago to the Golden Gate.

Mountain passes, extinct volcanoes, petrified forests, prehistoric ruins, Indian pueblos, Yosemite, Grand Canon of Arizona, en route.

Same high-grade service that has made the Santa Fe the favorite route to Southern California.

Fast schedule; Pullman and Tourist sleepers daily; Free reclining chair cars; Harvey meals throughout.

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We Make a Specialty of Locating Home Hunters, As Well As Investments.

RAILROAD

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CARD.

ATCHINSON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE.

GOING EAST.
No. 6, Eastern Ex. 10:00 a. m.
No. 8, Atlantic Ex. 7:32 p. m.
No. 114, leaves. 5:54 a. m.

GOING WEST.
No. 5, Colorado and Utah Ex. 7:32 p. m.
No. 367, leaves. 10:50 a. m.
5, 6 and 9 daily, all other trains daily except Sunday
No. 6 stops only at Ellinwood, Sterling, Hutchinson and Barton. No. 114 stops at all Stations.
Freight must be at the warehouse by 5 p. m.

CHICAGO, KANSAS & WESTERN.

LEAVES.
Express. 12:30 a. m.
Express. 5:00 p. m.
WM. TORREY, Agent.

MISSOURI PACIFIC

ARRIVES.
St. Louis Express. 10:50 p. m.
Colorado Express. 7:05 a. m.

DEPARTS.
St. Louis Express. 8:30 a. m.
Colorado Express. 9:10 p. m.
All trains daily. J. RASOR, Agent